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THE SWIMMER.

Lord of two elements, with bounding heart, And tingling blood, and mighty strength of limb, Stroke after stroke he swiftly cleaves apart. The lambent emerald waves bearing him. Or diving through the vast, dim underworld, He seeks the fabled mermaids hidden there, Rising to shake his locks all spray-empowered, And draw a long breath of the summer air. Again he idly floats a little space, Letting the lucent weight of each cool wave, Caressing as a kiss, his happy face And all his outstretched length of body lava. Then from a height, with free, exultant spring He dives again, and feels himself a king. —Julia Ditto Young, in the Current.

AT THE STAKE.

A STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

"To the stake with her! Away with the sorceress! God's curse be on her for her evil doings!" shouted the mob. It was early morning, yet even at that hour the judgment hall of the little town of Bourdonnis was thronged with the populace. Men, women and children, old and young, the noble and the burgher, priests, soldiers and common people, crowded the spacious hall and cried madly for her blood. The evening before a female, closely veiled and attended by two servants, whose dark countenances bespoke the sons of Ethiopia, had arrived at Bourdonnis and put up at one of the principal hostleries of the place. Strange rumors soon arose respecting her. Her garb, her mien, her language and her complexion were said to be those of a Saracen, against which accused race the chivalry of Europe and the church itself warred in vain. These rumors gained additional strength when the landlord of the inn where she had stopped was heard to say that he had seen her practising sorcery, a charge easily credited in that age, and one which few, especially in a case like this, had the hardihood to disbelieve. In less than an hour the whole population of the town was about, surrounding the hostelry, and crying out for vengeance against the sorceress. Such commotions were both frequent and sanguinary in that superstitious age. The soldiery, however, interfered by arresting the unsuspecting victim of these rumors, and at an early hour the prisoner had been brought into the judgment hall to await the mockery of trial.

"Answer me, daughter of Belial!" said the judge, as soon as the murmurs of the mob allowed him to be heard. "Will you confess your crime? Speak, or you die! Know you that the rack, ay! fire itself awaits you if your obstinacy continues?" The prisoner was a slight girlish creature, sitting with her face buried in her hands, directly opposite to the judge. She was apparently young and her figure, so far as could be seen through the thick veil which shrouded her form, was light and agile as that of a sylph. To the judge's question she made no answer. She only shook her head despondingly, and those high her fancied they heard her sob. At these fearful words, repeated now for the second time, and growled forth with an ominous fierceness, appalling even to the hearer, the prisoner was observed to tremble, whether with fear or otherwise, we know not, and lifting her veil up with a sudden effort, she rose to her feet, turned hastily around to the mob, and disclosed a countenance of such surpassing loveliness to their gaze, that even those who had cried out most unreluctantly for her blood now shrank abashed into silence, while others who had been less eager for her condemnation audibly murmured in her favor. "What would ye have of me?" she said, addressing the judge, and for the first time standing unveiled before him. "As there is a God in whom we both believe, I have told you only the truth. I am a stranger, a foreigner, a defenceless woman, but not the less the affianced bride of one of your proudest noblemen, the count de Garonne."

The tone in which she spoke was low, but oh! how touchingly sweet; and her words were uttered in broken French, with a perceptible Oriental accent. Loud murmurs rose in her favor as she ceased speaking. The tide was turning. But the judge now spoke. "Out on thee for a base slanderer of a noble France and a ho'y crusader! Thou the betrothed bride of Garonne! As soon would the eagle mate with the vulture. I tell thee, woman, that thy story of having been shipwrecked in coming to France, and of all thy train having been lost except thy two Ethiopian myrmidons, is a foul lie, and I am almost minded to wring the truth from thee on the rack." "I have said it," said the prisoner, in a firm voice, for she felt that her life depended on her firmness, "and if you will give but one week, one little week, and I will prove it before man as well as God. I came from Syria in the same fleet with my lord, but under charge of his mother's confessor—now a saint in heaven!—but being separated by a storm, in which our galley was shipwrecked, I was thrown unprotected on your shores. I am a stranger here. My servants even have deserted me. I do no one harm. I plot no treason. All I ask is to pass on my way. Oh! she continued in a burst of emotion, "if you have a daughter, think what would be your feelings if she was thus to be set upon in a strange land," and she burst into tears. Again the crowd murmured in her favor. "Woman!" sternly interposed the judge, unmoved by her emotion, "look

at the victim of your sorcery, and seek no longer to deceive us by your lies. Send forth Phillip the Deformed!"

At the words of the judge, an official bearing a white wand stepped into a side room, and in a moment reappeared with a cripple hideously deformed, whom the populace recognized as the landlord of the hostelry. When confronted with the prisoner he glared at her with a look of demoniac hatred. "Know you this woman?" asked the judge.

"Ay, to my cost," answered the cripple. "It is through her incantation that I am the being I am. It was but yesterday she came to my inn, attended by two heathenish Ethiopians, whom I have heard palmers from the Holy Land say are kept by the Panims—God's ban be theirs! I no sooner beheld her than I recognized her to be the sorceress whom, three years ago, brought on me the disease by which I am crippled. I could tell her among a thousand. The curse of God light on her for a child of the evil one," and the witness ground his teeth together and glanced fiercely at the prisoner. A low murmur of approval, at first faint and whispered, but gradually swelling into a confused shout, rose on the air as he ceased.

"He is a perjured wretch," exclaimed the prisoner with energy, "whom my servants detected in an attempt to rob my poor effects; hence his malice and this charge." "Silence, woman," sternly interposed the judge, "or else confess. Will you, a child of Belial, malign a Christian man?" The testimony for the publican had worked a complete change in the fluctuating feelings of the mob toward the prisoner, and the words of the judge were answered back by a shout of approval. The prisoner was seen to turn deathly pale. She did not reply, however, to the question, but shook her head despondingly, as if conscious that all hope was over.

"Lead her away," hoarsely growled the mob, while the dense mass of people swayed to and fro in the excitement, as if they would have rushed on the defenceless victim. "Again I ask thee, woman, wilt thou confess?" She shook her head despondingly, buried her face in her hands and murmured something; perhaps it was a prayer. The mob burst once more into commotion. "Where are the servants of this woman? let them be put on the rack," said the judge.

"They have escaped," answered an official. "Vengeance for the sufferers by her incantations!" hoarsely growled a voice from the mob. The judge no longer hesitated, but yielding to the popular current as well as his own prejudices, sentenced her to be burned at high noon of that very day. A wild shout of exultation rose from the frenzied mob as the sentence was pronounced, but over the din swelled the fearful cry, "To the stake with her—away with the sorceress!"

It was a few hours earlier in the same day when a noble knight sat in a hostelry of the little seaport town of ——. He was of singularly imposing cast of countenance. His features were of the true Norman outline, with a lofty intellectual brow, shaded by locks of the richest chestnut hue. His cheek was embrowned by a Syrian sun until it was of the darkest olive color, but the clear white of his forehead, which had been protected from exposure by his helmet, betrayed the original purity of his complexion. His form was tall and commanding. He sat apparently absorbed in thought, but was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of a retainer. "Are the horses ready?" "Yes, my lord," said the man. "We will mount into the saddle at once then; how far did they say it was to Bourdonnis?" "Six leagues." "We shall reach it before nightfall; lead on."

The party which set forth from the inn was a gallant sight to behold. Knights, squires, men-at-arms and other retainers swelled the escort of the young count to the number of nearly four-score, while the pennons waving in the air, and the occasional sound of a trumpet gave a liveliness to the escort which attracted the attention of the passers-by of every rank and sex, and drew many a sigh of envy from them. But who might pretend to be the equal of the renowned Count Garonne, a crusader of untarnished fame, a gallant still in the flower of his youth and the lord of half a score of castles scattered over the wide domain of France. At the head of the proud array rode the count himself, conversing gaily with a knight at his side, whom he familiarly called cousin.

"Ay, by St. Dennis!" said the count, she is a divinity such as even our sunny province doth not afford. Such eyes, such hair, and then, by my faith, such a voice! It pained my heart to part from my sweet Zillah—but she would have it so—and so she comes in company with Father Ambrose and a score of my best knights. Her maidenly modesty dictated this, and I was forced to submit. We were separated, however, by that heathenish storm, and I suppose her galley put into Genoa."

"I long to see your princess, nor do I wonder at your love, since she freed you from a Moslem prison. I am all impatience to behold her—but look at the knave coming over yonder hill. He rides like the fiend himself." "Ay! and by St. Dennis he is a black-amoor; a scarier thing here than in Syria." Even while they spoke the horseman rapidly approached, and before many minutes drew in the rein of his foaming steed at the side of the count, whom he

appeared to know. The recognition was mutual. The man instantly spoke in a strange tongue, and with violent gestures, while, with an agitated voice, the count appeared to question him. But a few minutes had elapsed, however, before the count turned around to his cousin, and exclaimed, in a voice trembling with emotion, but with an attempt at composure: "Zillah has been wrecked, and only she and two of her train, with a few common sailors, have escaped. Her strange companions, her foreign tongue, but, more than all, the accursed perjuries that she uttered, have brought on her the charge of sorcery, a tumult has been raised, she has been arrested, and—God of my fathers!—may even now be suffering on the rack or at the stake. Oh! why did I ever leave her! But, if a hair of her head is harmed, I will hang every knave of Bourdonnis."

"Let us on at once, then; we may yet arrive in time." "Pass the word down the line," exclaimed the count. "On, knights and gentlemen; we must not draw rein until we reach Bourdonnis." After a few minutes of hurried consultation with the servant, who stated that he and his fellow had escaped in the night of the tumult, and each, by different roads, sought the port where they supposed the count to be, the gallant array set forward at a rapid pace, and in a few moments nothing but a cloud of dust in the valley and on the hillside was left to tell of their late presence.

It was already high noon in Bourdonnis. A little out of town, in a gentle valley, was the place chosen for the infliction of the horrid sentence. For more than an hour—indeed ever since the condemnation of the accused—the populace had been pouring thither in crowds, until now a vast multitude, comprising nearly the whole population of the town, surrounded the place of execution and covered the encircling hills like spectators in an amphitheatre. At length the procession came in sight. First marched a body of soldiers; then followed the magistrates of the town; directly after appeared several monks; and then, clad in white, with her hands tightly pressed together came the victim. She made no answer, it was observed, to the words of the monks on either hand, but ever and anon she would kiss a crucifix which she carried, and raised her swimming eyes to heaven. In that hour of bitter agony, what must have been her emotions! She, the daughter of an emir and the affianced bride of one of the proudest nobles of France, to be hissed at by a mob, and end her life in unheard-of torments at the stake! Oh! if her lover, she thought, only knew her peril! But alas! he was away. Well might she raise her streaming eyes to heaven as to her only hope, and well might she turn away from the ministers of religion who sanctioned her sacrifice and trust only in that cross which was her lover's gift, and the emblem of the sufferings of one whom that lover had taught her was the only true God.

At length they reached the fatal stake. But if Zillah shuddered at its sight the feeling was checked before it could be seen by the populace. Calm and collected, though pale as the driven snow, she stood proudly up while the fatal chain was affixed around her slender waist, and with eyes upraised to heaven, appeared to be only an indifferent spectator, instead of the chief person in the fatal tragedy. Not a repining word broke from her lips. The first agony of death had passed away, and she steered her heart to her fate.

At length all was prepared. Over the vast assembly gazing on her, hung the silence of the dead. Men's breath came quick, and their hearts fluttered when they felt that in another minute the awful tragedy would be begun. Every eye was bent intently on the fatal stake as the executioner approached with the fiery brand. For the last time Zillah opened her eyes to take a final look at that earth to which she was soon to bid farewell forever. But what sent that sudden flush to her cheek? Why that cry of thrilling joy, the first audible sound which had left her lips since her sentence? She sees a troop of fiery horsemen, covered with dust and foam, thundering over the brow of the hill in front of her, and in the very van of the array she recognizes the pennon of the count of Garonne waving in the noonday sun. Onward came the rescuers. Horse on horse, knight after knight, retainer following retainer, they swept like a whirlwind down the hill, shouting their war cry, "Garonne—a St. Denis and Garonne!" the panic struck crowd opening to the right and to the left before them. In vain the soldiery who guarded the victim attempted to resist the rush of the assailants. They might as well have withstood the ocean surges in their night. The shock of the horsemen was irresistible. Foremost among them, cleaving his way like a giant, rode the count himself, his tall figure and powerful charger rendering him conspicuous over all. Nothing could resist him. He seemed like an avenging spirit come to the aid of the suffering victim, nor were those wanting who saw in the sudden appearance of the rescuers, and their indomitable courage, proofs of supernatural agency. A universal panic seized on the crowd. Soldiers as well as populace broke and fled. In a few minutes the count had gained the stake, when, springing from his steed he rushes forward, and with one blow of his huge sword, had severed the chain which bound the victim to the stake. "Oh! Henri!" hysterically said the rescued girl, as she sprang forward and fell fainting into her lover's arms. "Zillah! God be praised that you are safe! Curses on the villains. She faints."

Ho, there, water, you knaves, or I cleave you to the chin."

But the maiden had only fainted from excessive joy, and when restoratives were applied, she speedily recovered.

Our story is done. The terror of the populace, the humble apologies of the magistracy, the merited punishment of the perjured publican; and the speedy union of the count and the converted princess—are they not all written in the chronicles of the noble house of Garonne.—Graham's Magazine.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Pilgrims were formerly called palmers," from the staff or bough of palm they were wont to carry.

There are three lunatic asylums in the United States which have brass bands composed of patients.

The increase of suicide is scientifically ascribed to the fastness of modern life, to forced education, and to the increasing difficulty of existence.

The franking privilege was abolished in Great Britain in 1840, and in the United States in 1873. The discontinuance of the privilege saved to the government of this country \$2,220,000 annually.

Six ounces of gum Arabic is said to be sufficient for a day's rations when no other food is eaten—a diet common to the Moors of Morocco during the season when the gum of the acacia tree is running freely.

A remarkable specimen lately exhibited to the London Zoological society was a Brazilian snake which had partly swallowed a live lizard. The lizard had nearly succeeded in eating its way out, through the body of the snake, when death overtook both creatures.

"The sorrowful tree," flourishing only at night, is a singular vegetable of the island of Goa, near Bombay. Half an hour after sunset the tree is full of sweet-smelling flowers, although none are to be seen during the day, as they close up or drop off with the appearance of the sun.

Coal is an almost unknown luxury to the Chinese of San Francisco. Their mode of cooking is to have an empty oil can serve as a stove, upon which they place their tea kettle or a cooking pan. They start a fire with two or three small sticks of wood, which they add to as they burn, and in this way they manage to establish a good degree of heat with little expense.

In the father's house the Roman father had absolute authority over the son; he could chastise, put in chains, exile or sell him as a slave; he had power of life or death over him. The son's property became the father's, he could assign a wife to him, divorce him when married or transfer him to another family by "adoption." The son only escaped and was "emancipated" by a sale of his person three times repeated by his father.

WISE WORDS

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

Adversity is the trial of principle; without it a man can hardly know whether he is honest or not.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

Sympathy is a fellow feeling with any one in trouble; it can only be fully developed where like experience exists.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time.

Thoughtlessness is never an excuse for wrong doing; our hasty actions disclose, as nothing else does, our habitual feelings.

Let an independent thinker show a fearless fidelity to his convictions, and the shafts of bigotry and envy fall helpless and harmless at his feet.

The Gum Crop.

This is a great gum year in Maine, especially on the Penobscot. The logs, knees and bark are not the only valuable parts of the great timber tree, for the gum is worth considerable even in its rough state, just as it is hacked from the crotches of the old trees.

There are two or three firms in Maine which buy large quantities of it from lumbermen and gum hunters for the purpose of refining it, as they say. But as a general thing the refining consists in adulteration with resin. They throw it into a big kettle, bark and all, and boil it into about the consistency of thick molasses, skimming the impurities off as they rise to the surface. Then, if the purpose be to adulterate, some lard or grease and a lot of resin is added, and in some cases a little sugar. The mixture then becomes thicker, and after more stirring is poured out on a slab, where, while it is yet hot it is rolled out in a sheet about a quarter of an inch thick, and then chopped with a steel die into pieces half an inch wide and three-quarters of an inch long. These pieces are wrapped in tissue paper and packed in wooden boxes. There are 200 pieces in a box.

Some gum is treated in this way without adulteration. The best gum comes from no particular locality, but always from the biggest trees. The loggers, in their many idle hours by the camp fire, whittle out miniature barrels from blocks of cedar or white pine, hollow them out and fill them with the choicest gum the woods afford for gifts to their sweethearts, children or friends when they "come down" in the spring.—Portland (Me.) Press.

THE MULTICAULIS MANIA.

RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT SILK-CULTURE CRAZE.

A Year when Mulberry Trees Were Planted in Every State—Bursting of the Bubble.

The year 1826 marked the origin of the Morus multicaulis mania, which raged as a fever from 1830 until it culminated and collapsed in 1839. Congress had referred an inquiry on silk culture, in 1825, to the committee on agriculture, which, in 1826, reported in favor of its promotion, stating in the report that the imports of silk goods in 1825 were nearly double the exports of breadstuffs—a fact scarcely credible now. The same year Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, planted there what is claimed to have been the first Morus multicaulis tree in America. The secretary of the treasury, Richard Rush, was directed to provide a manual on silk culture, and the famous "Rush Letter" was accordingly issued in 1828, together with several other treatises, and circulated broadcast. In 1830 an article by Dr. Pascalis, on the Morus multicaulis, in the American Journal of Science, directly started the mulberry fever. The Massachusetts legislature, in 1831, provided for a manual of silk-culture, which was made by a manufacturer of Dedham, Mr. Cobb, and most of the States began to offer bounties and premiums on trees, cocoons and reeled silk—commonly ten cents a pound on cocoons and fifty on silk. A report to Congress in 1830 proposed a grant of \$40,000 to one M. D'Honnigree for the establishment of a normal school of flature at Philadelphia, where sixty young men might have gratuitous instruction for two years, and for traveling about the country to teach silk-growing to farmers; and this "silk bill," though defeated in 1832, and reported against as unconstitutional in 1833, would not down till 1837, when still another committee reported as a substitute a scheme to lease public lands without rent for cultivation of the mulberry-tree or the sugar-beet. The whole country now went wild. The fever seemed only to get fresh fuel of excitement from the panic of 1837. Orchards of the multicaulis were planted in every State; farmers everywhere set their wives and children to feeding worms; periodicals on silk culture, constituted the bulk of the reading of the day; stock companies for raising and manufacturing silk sprang up like puff balls; silk conventions were held, and a United States silk society was organized.

A thrifty nurseryman on Long Island gave help to the excitement by a canny plan. After selling a considerable supply of trees to New England dealers, he started off one night by the Providence boat, and with great pretense of eagerness made the rounds of all his customers, excitedly offering fifty cents apiece for trees. Of course he didn't get them, but he presently was able to sell all he had for a dollar instead of fifty cents apiece.

In Burlington, New Jersey, over 300,000 trees were raised; in December, 1838, offerings at one dollar per tree or per twig were refused at Boston sales, and five dollars was sometimes got for trees one season old. It was satisfactorily proved—again on paper—that an acre of trees was good for \$1,000 worth of silk, but the price of trees had no relation to figures, even the most rose-colored. One farmer sold \$6,000 worth of trees from three-quarters of an acre. In a single week in Pennsylvania \$300,000 worth were sold.

In 1839 the bubble burst, and the biters were bitten. Among them was the speculative Long Islander. He had profited the disease by which he had profited, and had sent an agent to France with \$50,000 to buy a million more trees. When they came, they were worth a part of a cent apiece for pea-brush. Some speculators endeavored to get even with fate by shipping a cargo from the East to Indiana by way of New Orleans in an unseaworthy ship heavily insured, but the goods unfortunately reached their destination. Multitudes of men were ruined by the crash. But Americans have a faculty of falling on their feet, and some of the unhappy mulberry-growers of the thirties became the successful manufacturers of later days.—Harper's Magazine.

Photographing the Dead.

Familiarity with corpses seems to harden people, from doctors to undertakers; and even photographers after death, get to be as brutal in their treatment of the dead as do the others. A friend of mine saw a photographer arranging a woman to be taken after death. He was trying to make some drapey about her hang to suit him, but it kept slipping off; so he took a big pin out of the end of his waistcoat and pinned the drapey to the flesh. He did not seem to think that he had done anything out of the way, and when he was spoken to, said: "Why, what nonsense; she can't feel anything." Still I should always have my impression about that photographer, and doubt if he would not do the same to a live person if he were not afraid of the consequences.—Philadelphia Record.

The Dude of Long Ago.

John Bach McMaster, the historian, thus describes the American dude of 1800: "The pantaloons of a beau went up to his armpits; to get into them was a morning's work, and when in to sit down was impossible. His hat was too small to contain his handkerchief and was not expected to stay on his head. His hair was brushed from the crown of his head toward his forehead and looked, as a satirist of that day truly said, as if he had been fighting an old fashioned hurricane backward. About his neck was a spotted linen neckerchief; the skirts of his green coat were cut away to a mathematical point behind."

LIFE'S DAY.

Into the field of life we pass At early morn. The jeweled grass With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet; And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet And bright is filled with rosy dreams; While in the purple heavens gleams The star of fortune and of fame, And in its light we read a name— Oh, dream, most sweet, it is our own: More glorious still, it shines alone!

The sun speeds on; the star no more Is seen. Illusive dreams are o'er. Fortune and fame so coy and fleet But mock our weary, way-worn feet. Ambition's fairest prize has flown; A name appears, but not our own.

What have we then for all our pains!— For all our prayer! Are there no grains Of good to show! Has all been lost In that our cherished plans are crossed, And dissipated each fond dream As snow flakes melt within the stream!

Ah, no! See how our souls are filled With wealth of harvests we have tilled; With meekness, patience, love and truth; With springs of everlasting youth; Bright jewels of the crown within; Ripe fruit of life's sharp discipline; On which these dawn the twilight gray Of day that dies not with the day. —George W. Crofts, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A woman may be true as steel, but then you know some steel is too highly tempered. —Paris Beacon.

Philadelphia girls are learning to fiddle. Poor things! It's their only way to draw a bow. —Binghamton Republican.

Adam and Eve were the only people who never bewailed the successful days of their ancestors. —Waterloo Observer.

Alas, how easily things go wrong. A pleasant drive with a girl along. A whole month's salary gone to pot, And a wailing cry for what is not. —Merchant-Traveler.

Most men will stand a clip on the head from a barber, and don't get extremely mad if he pulls their nose. —St. Paul Herald.

Said he: "I always carry some wood with me." Said she: "Yes, I always said you would never lose your head." —Graphic.

Umbrellas in 1845, according to a recent writer, weighed about three pounds and a half. The men who stole umbrellas in 1845 must have been quite muscular. —New York Graphic.

"What is it!" shrieks a sensational divine, "that puts out the lamps of human joy!" We would timidly suggest that tight boots can come about as near doing that same as anything outside of tophet we can call to mind. —Chicago Ledger.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

When the picnic goes the dude And leaves behind the dusty town, And on an ant-hill in the wood Quite unexpectingly sits down, What artist's pencil can portray The sudden start, the frenzied mien, The speed with which he hastes away, To seek some lone, sequestered scene! —Boston Courier.

"Are you papa's boy?" "Yes, sir." "And are you mamma's boy?" "Yes, sir." "But how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy at the same time?" (After a pause) "Can't a nice carriage have two horses?" —Chicago Sun.

"I—aw—observe that you have a fine collection of plants here," said a dude, while making a call upon a young lady. "So all my friends say," she said. "I'm very fond of plants myself," he continued; "I'll venchaw to say you cannot name my favourite plant." "I think I could," she said, with an arch smile. "Pway name it, then." "The thistle. —Boston Courier.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." According to this notion, a five-year old boy traveling in the cars with his mother ought to acquire enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open. —Norristown Herald.

"I wear No. 7"—and she looked at her hand—"That's the hand of a goddess even." "And yours, I suppose"—and she shot him a glance, "Are something over seven."

"No" only just over a six," he said, "As he placed his hand upon hers." "Why, really," she laughed, "if that be so, You certainly ought to take honors."

"Oh! give them to me and I'll take them, dear." She looked demure; and—just heavens, His moustache went rushing against her lips— "Twas a case of sixes and sevens. —Boston Globe.

Statistics of Suicides.

New York City—1880, 152; 1881, 166; 1882, 190; 1883, 159; 1884, 220.

IN FOURTEEN CITIES IN 1880.

Table with columns: City, Population, Suicides, One in... London, 3,763,395, 352, 10,700; New York, 1,200,000, 152, 8,500; Berlin, 1,175,000, 105, 8,700; Philadelphia, 645,980, 68, 12,500; Geneva, 178,105, 230, 3,200; Glasgow, 658,558, 14, 45,000; Brooklyn, 556,889, 21, 18,200; Louisville, 422,533, 68, 7,400; Barcelona, 367,535, 43, 8,500; Baltimore, 235,193, 15, 15,500; Cape Town, 225,574, 70, 3,300; Edinburgh, 209,809, 101, 2,500; Havre, 198,600, 20, 4,300; Honolulu, 14,114, 6, 2,400.

IN SIX CITIES IN 1881.

Table with columns: City, Population, Suicides, One in... London, 3,763,395, 352, 10,700; New York, 1,200,000, 152, 8,500; Berlin, 1,175,000, 105, 8,700; Philadelphia, 645,980, 68, 12,500; Geneva, 178,105, 230, 3,200; Glasgow, 658,558, 14, 45,000; Munich, 249,000, 56, 4,300.

In New York in the eleven years ending with 1880, 1,193 men and 128 women committed suicide. These figures come from Dr. Nagle, registrar vital statistics. From some few of the cities mentioned doubtless the returns are incomplete. —New York Sun.